

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## UNITY.

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## NOTES.

To your posts! March!! September the first is the time to begin work in church, Sunday-school and mission field. The sleep and the sunshine of August should heighten the relish for labor in September.

The New York *Times* speaks of the "Mock fox-hunting, the cheap imitation of everything that is un-American, the coarse sensuality, and the veneering of American society" so conspicuous in Newport and other watering-places, as living illustrations of the gilded age.

That is a sweet song in the minor key that Mrs. Griswold sings to the City Children, which we reprint in our Exchange Table. It is well when the muse lends its powers to heighten the joys of life. But it is still better when it seeks to ameliorate the woes of humanity. The pitying poets are they who sing the deathless songs.

The *Christian World*, the London organ of liberal orthodoxy, says;

Unitarianism, in the United States, is like Joseph's coat,—of many

colors. To write of it as an "ism" is very difficult, for it is more properly a family of isms. \* \* Among those who are affiliated with this ism there are many strong and "beautiful souls."

We would labor to make Unitarianism not a family of *isms* but a family of brothers and sisters where the individuality of each is enhanced rather than interfered with by fraternal relations.

F. B. Sanborn, in a recent lecture on Concord, said that Massachusetts meant "The hill that comes to a peak," and that the "Indians who bore the name lived around Boston Bay." Boston has become the "peak of the hill" in American culture and thought, a conspicuous point from which a broad view is obtained. But let not those who cannot find foot-hold on the peak forget that there are arable lands on the plain, and that many a soul has found room for its shrine in a hill-side home. And let not those on the peak forget that theirs is the prophetic mission. Let them signal the latest news and tell the approach of every new day.—"Watchman! What of the night!"

Now that Prof. Rolfe has completed his student's edition of Shakespeare, presenting this immortal classic in a more accessible manner to the student of all ages than ever before, can he not be induced to do a similar work for the several books of the Bible? Let them be edited as literature and from a literary stand-point, published by a secular house in separate handy volumes, uniform with Rolfe's Shakespeare, and they will receive a reading and an appreciation, such as they do not and cannot obtain while fenced in by their present dogmatic environments. When rescued from the hands of the theologians these books will promptly receive the recognition they deserve as unquestionable fragments of the deathless literature.

"The Spell-bound Fiddler" is at present the only one of Kristofer Janson's numerous stories that is accessible to the English reader. Its hero is drawn from life—one of the musical prodigies of Norway, who was at one time a *protege* of Ole Bull. The introduction to this book by Prof. R. B. Anderson contains some interesting facts in the life of Ole Bull, with whom for some years Mr. Anderson was



most intimately associated. Any one sending one dollar to the translator, Miss A. A. Woodward (Auber Forestier) "Asgard," Madison, Wis., will receive a cabinet photograph of Mr. Janson, a copy of the book, and will be contributing twenty-five cents to the Minnesota mission of Mr. Janson. This mission represents an interest much broader than any denominational work, for he seeks to convert the large Scandinavian population of the United States to public schools, to American ideas, and to progressive culture.

THE special attention of our readers is called to "The Western Unitarian Directory" for 1883-4, just published by The Colegrove Book Co., a neat pamphlet of thirty-five pages. It contains information of particular interest to those who are in sympathy with the Unitarian work of the West. In it are to be found the by-laws, names of the officers and life members of the W. U. C., the W. W. U. C. and the W. U. S. S. Soc'y; also a list of Unitarian ministers and churches, of Unity Clubs, a descriptive catalogue of the publications of the S. S. Soc'y and the Unity Publishing Committee, together with the officers and members of the Chicago Channing Club and the Women's Unitarian Association of Chicago, etc., etc. Directories, as a rule, are not very fascinating reading, but nevertheless they are oftentimes very convenient. Send ten cents to the publishers for a copy and show it to your neighbors as some indication of the work and methods of Western Unitarians.

*Apropos* of the late discussions of the Doom of the Majority, here is a scrap from Thackeray. The good, hearty, honest James Binnie has just died: "He met the summons of death like a philosopher; rejected rather testily all the mortuary consolations which his nephew-in-law, Josey's husband, thought proper to bring to his bedside; and uttered opinions which scandalized that divine. But as he left Mrs. M'Craw only £500, thrice that sum to his sister, and the remainder of his property to his beloved niece, Rosa Mackenzie, now Rosa Newcome, let us trust that Dr. M'Craw, hurt and angry at the ill-favor shown to his wife, his third young wife, his best beloved Josey, at the impatience with which the deceased had always received his, Dr. M'Craw's, own sermons;—let us hope, I say, that the reverend gentleman was mistaken in his views respecting the present position of Mr. James Binnie's soul; and that heaven may have some regions yet

accessible to James, which Dr. M'Craw's intellect has not yet explored. Look, gentlemen! Does a week pass without the discovery of a new comet in the sky, a new star in the heaven, twinkling dimly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken, though existent forever? So let us hope divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva's glasses cannot yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman Telescopes."—(*The Newcomes*, Vol. 2, chap. 27). Thackeray said of himself that he had "no head above his eyes." But the *Seers* have been a mighty race from time immemorial; and when one is so happy as to look at things from a central point, with reverence both for the things seen, and for the power of seeing, there is little need of argument.

J. V. B.

#### ALL TOGETHER.

Recently I have attended the Methodist Church. The doctrine of the discourse has gone from me; but it was not important. What impressed me was the congregation, which seemed to feel it had some interest and part in the utterance of the heart's worship. After the sermon, the minister called on a member to pray; when, sitting calmly in his seat, an old man poured fourth a prayer which seemed to me very earnest, which was a great deal better and more helpful than the minister's, and of which the spirit and some of the thoughts and even words still stay with me, although all the pulpit part of the service has vanished like a fog before the sun. This occasioned me a return to reflections had many times before. Often have I longed in some way to have my congregation with me and about me, and not merely before me. Inevitably I shrink when I read or hear that some minister is settled or installed or ordained *over* some congregation. Did this phraseology arise in connection with the high pulpits towering half way to the ceiling to which our ancestors *looked up*? But a pulpit on stilts or at the top of long stairways, is bad; and a pulpit that is a little box for one is a still more bleak isolation. For to be with people and among them and yet not of them, whether it be in love or business or pleasures or worship or anything in life, what loneliness so great as that! To work for people may be badly interpreted: if thereby we mean to do their part for them, there is no health in it. Often have I envied our neighbors the Jews who have some officers of the congregation to sit with



the minister and take some duties in the pulpit. I wish my congregation would do likewise; their mere presence in that lonely desk would fill it with warm humanity, and their joining in the service would be like the power of a great chorus. When Theodore Parker spoke to three thousand people in Boston Music Hall, the platform on which he stood was thronged, and he seemed to speak as one of a group. Must not his voice have had the ring of companionship in it? The surrounding people were like a warm "Amen!" addressed to the eyes. But more than this, and with this, let the congregation raise their own voices. We cannot all preach at once; but we can all sing at once, yea, and pray together, and answer with a sublime roar of many voices to the breath of the prophets as the sea responds to the winds. Let us turn our hearts and our minds to this, that we may join together in one church, and in the prayer and praise therein, in such union and joint utterance as make the home so bright and so strong and constitute the joy of our joys. Shall we find it easy to do this? Not instantly; for we must find the ways and forms. But these will come if we seek them, fresh, free, sincere.

J. V. B.

#### PULPIT "SCRIPTURES."

What makes a "Scripture" reading? The fact that the words read are dislodged from some Hebrew psalm or prophecy, some early Christian gospel or epistle,—or something *in* the words themselves which shows that the quarry whence they came lies high on the hills of God? If the latter, then, wheresoever we find that quality in words, we have a "Scripture" worthy of church use. To define the quality is hard, to recognize it easy. Much that is true and good on the one hand, much that is beautiful on the other, has no effect of "Scripture" on us. It is a matter of both form and substance, the good-but-wooden is not it; the pretty is not it; moral maxims alone do not make it. But *morality made eloquent* hints what it is. "Scripture" needs a high affirmative morality kindling the sense of Strength and Right Eternal, as we listen; and this kindling power comes best through strong simple words, poetic with a poetry born not of decoration, a poetry daring, all-daring, but inevitable,—and thereby moving us like Nature.

Now it may be true to say that no other one book holds so much of this quality in its high degree as the book permeated with old Hebrew thought and feeling, which we call our Bible. And this fact

makes it wise to use the Bible largely in our churches. But it by no means makes it wise to confine the pulpit readings to that single book. For to say that no other one book is so rich in Scripture quality is not to say that this quality is richly found in all, or even in most, parts of the Bible, nor that it is found solely in the Bible, nor that it is nowhere else found in such high degree as in the Bible, nor that there is not more of the high kind to be found outside than inside of the Bible. These last four propositions seem as untrue as the first seems true.

As untrue, but the Presbyterians probably think them as *true*, and therefore those among them who are real sons of their sires will sing for church-song nothing but Bible psalms. The evangelical brethren of other names sing human hymns, but they will teach in Sunday-schools nothing save Old Testament and New,—beyond them lies the undivine. The Unitarians journey beyond the Bible for Sunday-school lessons, but, to judge by their service books and the habit of their ministers, few Unitarians as yet welcome in their services a Scripture reading that cannot guarantee itself by verse and chapter. Can it be that they, too, do not recognize divinity except by label? Scarcely that; the reason, doubtless, is a simple preference for words made reverent by long tradition and their own associations. We all can understand and sympathize with that; and this principle, "association," gives another real ground for using the Bible largely in our churches. "Association" is one great source of reverent impression, perhaps the greatest, and as such should be guarded and utilized in worship. For that very reason, too, it should be guarded against. It may easily become formality, and, beyond that, superstition; and before it becomes either, it may lead us so far to one side as to practically cut us off from the opposite source of impression and inspiration which lies in "surprise." This source, also, should be sought and utilized by all who would make church services beautiful and helpful and permanently dear. Curiously enough, in the extemporaneous church-prayer we cleave almost as singly to this second principle as in the Scripture reading we cleave to the first,—in both cases, possibly, achieving loss, not gain, by the rigidity.

In regard to Scripture-readings we feel sure that it is loss. Let the Bible still be read, and read habitually, in church, but with a shortened Bible passage let a poem or a page of prose, noble with



Scripture quality, be joined, and we believe that within three months a three-fold profit will be generally acknowledged by the congregation: (1) There will be a *freshened interest in the Scripture readings as a part of the service*; and this felt even by those who do not wholly like the change. Let the minister watch to see when the people's eyes are fastened most upon him, whether during the Bible or the extra-biblical reading. Not seldom some one will come and ask him for "that poem" or "that page," to read again or copy for a private Scripture. We speak of that we know. If analyzed, this deepened interest will be found to lie partly in the mere newness, the increased variety, the "surprise;" partly in the music, if a poem; partly in the bringing near through the common language of to-day of what seems far off and unreal when phrased in Jewish imagery. The Bible words may be worn dull with repetition to our ears, and yet the Bible picture never have been realized.—(2) A *greater unity in the service as a whole* can be effected by means of this very variety. It is by no means possible to always find a Bible passage which fits the main thought of the day; while it is rare that a minister, fairly read and using due care, as one charged to do a deed of beauty, cannot bring to his people an outside poem or paragraph that interprets well the thought he wants to emphasize. If more nobly than the sermon does, so much the better; one way or the other, then, his thought will have been well and freshly uttered.—And (3) a *greatened joy in the "Scripture" quality in literature* is nurtured. To many it will be as news that there are "Scriptures" lying round them in the books of their own time,—a Victoria Regia in their lily-pond, a hill-top view at the back door; news that the old Bibles of the nations make a glorious fellowship. To illustrate this free recognition of divinity, to teach this "instant reverence," to form worshipful associations in a people's hearts with great passages and poems—is it not worth a five minutes' space in every church service, to accomplish this?

All three of these advantages, we think, apply, further, to the use of extra-biblical material in liturgies for church and Sunday-school. Word comes that a new Sunday-school service-book is to be made. We hope it rather is to *grow*, and to take perhaps five years in growing. But whether to be made or to grow, we trust that this question, "What makes a Scripture reading?" will be most carefully considered by the artists. On their answer to it de-

pends the lasting of their work. The true answer for to-day and the near morrow will not be that which has ruled throughout the yesterdays.

But this word "artist" hints the care that should go into the choice of even a single pulpit reading,—the care, and likewise the joy that rewards the care-taker. We suspect those who most strenuously object to extra-biblical readings in the pulpit have never given them a fair trial. It is not fair trial, for instance, to compare the rather wooden sentences of Conway's "Anthology" with our best Bible verses so nobly translated. But there is many and many a poem that will sink deep in the heart; one, for instance, which we almost *expect* some one to ask for and borrow when we read it in a strange church, so often has that been the experience. And, to name no other prose, to name indeed the prose of all we know richest in "Scripture" quality, there is Emerson. There are half a dozen "Scripture" readings of great power in the "Divinity School Address" alone.—Yes, there is danger of poor taste and carelessness; and is there none in prayer? and none in sermon? and none in the common Bible selection? But on the other hand, there is real delight for both the people and the pastor when the latter begins to reverently seek a portion of his "Scripture" in fresh fields and pastures new.

W. C. G.

## Contributed Articles.

### HYMN.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

O God, I see Thee in this heart of mine,  
And in this world made by Thy will divine;  
Thy glorious works bear witness, one and all,  
That Thou dost love alike both great and small.

Each mighty storm that rages o'er the land  
Foretells the victory of Thy spirit grand;  
Each summer breeze, that breathes around, above,  
Whispers in tenderest accents of Thy love.

The planets, circling onward, globes of flame,  
Entwine a glorious chaplet for Thy name;  
Thy presence in the quivering reed I see,  
And know no home can be too poor for Thee.

In the bright eyes of children glows Thy light;  
And in the cheek of youth, flushed warm and bright,  
Ready, when Truth may call, to do his part;  
I see Thee in the love of woman's heart.

Thou art in every bitter, burning tear,  
That falls unknown for sin or sorrow here;



And humble deeds for others may endure,  
To show the presence of Thy spirit pure.

In the grand march of history we see  
How each great spirit is a word from Thee,  
And, conquering o'er blood, defeat and shame,  
We hail the certain victory of Thy name.

And ever, ever forward points the Right,  
And ever, ever round us glows the light.  
Each generation lifts us, passing by,  
Till we embrace Thee, Lord, beyond the sky.

—Translated by E. E. M.

### TO KATHERINE.

LILY A. LONG.

Oh, tender, trustful face and steady eyes,  
The angels must have kissed thee in thy sleep,  
And through the slow hours of the weary day  
That gentle talisman thou still dost keep.

Through lowliest ways of life thou wanderest,  
A Una, clothed in peace and patience sweet,  
And lo, the darksome forest is thy friend,  
And Discord crouches reverent at thy feet.

As shell within its tiny spiral holds  
The everlasting murmur of the sea,  
The music that controls the circling spheres  
Finds room to round its harmony in thee.

### HAS THE COMMUNION SERVICE ANY PRACTICAL VALUE TO-DAY?

AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CONFERENCE OF CINCINNATI, MAY 21, 1883, BY MARY P. W. SMITH.

Omitting all consideration of the historical claims or memorial value of this service, I have chosen to consider it from the standpoint of utility alone, because by this test must it stand or fall. Those who still desire to maintain this service are put on the defensive by the very spirit of the age. If they cannot prove it to be of practical utility to mankind to-day, they stand condemned as "old fogies," who weakly cling to an outgrown, meaningless observance, from mere force of habit, and a superstitious reverence for tradition.

I believe this service of the highest use to both the individual and the church.

*First*, to the individual.

This is an age of hurry, of great intellectual activity, unrest, pressure. We are living in one of the world's great transition periods,—a good time to be alive, but, as always, hard on those destined to bear the burdens and grapple with the problems such periods inevitably bring. The old beliefs, the old peace, are taken from us, and not yet have we attained the rest and strength of the new, better convictions. All earnest people to-day live under a full head of steam, working up to, or, usually, a little beyond, their full limit of strength. They grow haggard and wrinkled in their hurry, and

yet feel that life is slipping away, and they have nothing to show for it, so far does their accomplishment lag behind their aspirations.

In this feverish haste and unrest, this fierce glare of the seen and temporal, too often the eternal verities fade from sight. Life loses its depth, its perspective—becomes a mere surface affair. We forget that we and our children have souls, as well as minds and bodies. The noble dreams and aspirations of better hours have lost their spell. We live on a much lower plane of motive and desire than our ideal, and too often must confess, in bitterness of spirit, that we have "trailed our banners in the dust."

Do not we, of all the people of the ages, especially need a service of communion? The very name is a rest, and expresses what the service is. A time to stop and be still, to put the too-engrossing world and its cares aside for a little, to realize God, to remember Jesus, to commune with the highest. A still, sacred half-hour, whose calm falls on our unrestful spirits like a cooling, silent dew. We find our better selves again, we ascend from the dust and glare of the trampled highway into a mountain-top of transfiguration, in whose purer, calmer atmosphere we look back over the road thus far traveled, see all the mistakes and wanderings, yet gather from its inspiration fresh strength and higher resolve for the future.

Probably it will be said, "Is there any need of a special service for this? Can we not do and feel all this in the regular church service, in the silent hours of prayer at home?" We might, probably, but practically it is to be feared we rarely would. We would be too tired, or hurried, or full of cares. There is a strong influence in the consciousness that this half-hour is deliberately set apart for communion with the highest, in the magnetism, too, of other hearts around us uplifted by the same spell that moves our own. It is peculiarly a time of remembrance. In its sacred calm, our dead, too often pushed far away by the whirl of life, come once more consciously near us: those who loved us and believed in us, whose high faith in us was once our strongest incentive to noble action. Shall they "look us through and through," with "those other, larger eyes than ours," and see how far we have fallen below their ideal of us?

Many are the powerfully upward-lifting influences of this service of communion, from their very nature difficult to express in words. Doubtless each heart finds in the service some individual help not known to others; but many can testify that much of their strongest impulse to a higher consecration has come from the memories, the better feelings, stirred by this service, the resolves then made. So long as human nature is weak, can such a service be useless? Can it ever be outgrown, obsolete?

*Second*, its value to the church.

Some of our most "radical" young ministers have been the first to feel a deficiency in our church methods, to deplore the bareness of our services, to



emphasize this need in print, and to endeavor to devise special ceremonies and occasions to remedy this obvious evil. Yet they ignore this most beautiful, appropriate and spiritual of services, in which we join hands with the great and good of all the Christian centuries. I am far from judging harshly or condemning these really earnest, devout young men, whose very earnestness and zeal for the highest truth leads them to revolt against anything that might possibly be deemed a sham, a pretense; but it seems a pity that, in their revulsion against the preposterous orthodox claims for this service, they and their people should wholly lose its beauty and help. I cannot but feel that some time, perhaps soon, when it shall be more justly appreciated, there will be a reaction in our churches in favor of the communion service. Improvements in methods may possibly be devised, but the thing itself is vital and necessary in some form.

At present our churches *suffer seriously for want of this very service*. I emphasize these words because I feel the fact so deeply, regard it as one of our chief dangers in the future. The general indifference of Unitarians to this service, especially in the West, with all that follows from this indifference, is one reason, the chief perhaps, why we have so feeble a denominational hold on our own young people. With the decay of the communion service, has gone the old custom of joining the church. Thus we ignore a radical need of human nature, the need of and desire for consecration.

To young people of any thoughtfulness there comes a time when the soul awakens to a consciousness of its own existence, when the religious nature is deeply stirred, when the mind must perforce ponder the great questions, the great mysteries, when there is often strong aspiration towards nobler living, higher aims. Often the young soul would gladly range itself on God's side in the battle of life, and longs to take some outward, visible step or pledge that shall mark its resolve to enlist as His good soldier, and be a help to its conscious weakness. Joining the church, as was the old custom, with the communion service following every month or two, as a reminder and stimulus, harvested for our churches the strength of our denomination, brought into its active work the men and women who have been its stay and support.

Few of our churches to-day offer anything for such needs. The hour passes;—the young person either sinks back into permanent indifference, or, at the crisis, is perhaps drawn into the excitement of an orthodox revival, or fascinated by Episcopal rites, and goes to be a pillar of strength in a church which the Unitarian parent, unless his faith be of the easy, nominal variety, must consider dwarfing to both the religious and intellectual nature. But for our constant accessions, both to our churches and ministry, from the orthodox ranks, we should feel even more seriously than at present this loss of the young blood from our denomination.

Our churches too often lack religious permanence

and vitality,—are too frequently proved by sad facts to be merely audiences held together by the personal popularity and oratorical powers of the minister. We greatly need, first, some special, solemn service or form of religious consecration, whatever may be found best in each church;—probably methods would vary widely;—and secondly, direct effort, on part of parents and pastor, to influence the young in its favor. At present, in most of our churches, parents have no way of making their children feel themselves *a responsible part of the Unitarian church*. Hence the deplorable fact that when a Unitarian marries one of another faith, it is usually the Unitarian who sheds, without an apparent struggle, quite as a matter of course, the faith of childhood and his forefathers. When the Unitarian young man leaves home to enter on life for himself in a strange city, he is quite apt to become a non-church-goer, or to ally himself with the most popular church socially, or the one with the best choir, with an easy indifference to all religious belief.

The communion service seems to me to meet the obvious need in our churches of some visible pledge of earnest consecration to God's work in the world. Human nature craves some such outward pledge and help, and other churches will furnish it, if ours does not. But the service will hardly prove attractive to young people if only a pitiful handful of elderly folk join in it, while many of the best men and women in the congregation hasten away, saying plainly by so doing that it is meaningless or hateful to them. Many of these people have come to us from orthodox churches, and can never rid themselves of the old orthodox impressions of it, as a sort of dividing line between the saints and sinners of the congregation, the sinners "turning their backs on their Saviour," and hastening away to everlasting perdition, while the saints remain to glorify their own superior righteousness, and secure through passes to heaven.

If there were indeed a special service for the good,—“those who feel themselves good enough,”—it would, I fear, be even more slimly attended than the communion. Because

“We the weak ones, we the sinners,  
Would not in our poorness stay,”

do we cling to this service. It is a help to the spiritual life,—nothing more or less. When all Unitarians who desire earnestly the best things for themselves, their children, their denomination, can realize this, and join heartily in this service as a means of spiritual growth and uplifting, then will dawn upon our churches an epoch of new life and strength. Until then, something will be felt by all to be lacking, though the cause may be variously assigned. I close with a little newspaper waif, called “In Remembrance:”

“We mark the days when on us rose  
Like stars, the eyes of our first-born;  
We mark the day when from our side  
Our loveliest and our best are torn.



"We mark with mystic ring the day  
Of vows that are the type of heaven,  
When, as the Church unto the Lord,  
The bride unto the groom is given.

"For every friendship, every love,  
We have memorial work and sign;  
And shall we bear less careful heed  
For the dear love that is divine?"

### VACATION.

J. V. BLAKE.

A picnic is in order on any fine day in summer. The most charming picnics are those in which a few friends join, and in which the *spread* is very simple. Carry not great hampers of troublesome and unwholesome food, sweet things and lollipops; but simple bread, a little meat if you like, fresh butter, fruit, lemons and sugar. Take these simple viands, buy some milk *en route*, and you have what simplicity permits, and what the nature of the fun requires. But for the perfection, the very distilled essence and aroma, of these excursions, give me the breakfast picnic or the supper picnic, when the sun is but newly risen, and birds are melodious in dew-shedding trees, or when the setting sun fires the west with farewell splendors, having left the deep woods already in the shadowy coolness of his good-bye. Then let me recline on the green carpet, open the lunch box, break bread and give thanks. I am fellow then with all the objects and the sounds, and seem to embrace the distance between the cricket and the thrush, between the oak and the fern. But *a dinner*, at high noon under thickets, wilted, mussy, profuse—bah! Be it far from me!

We started at six o'clock in the morning to ride from La Porte to Valparaiso—a group of four, with three children, all fellows of one church. Nothing could exceed the sweet coolness and opening charms of the morning. We came to Dorr's Village, a cluster of a dozen houses perhaps. What gathers these little groups of houses, that have a corporate existence and a name, but seem too dead to take any step so active as to die? I always look at them with wonder and compassion. Some one has said, "If you would know and not be known, live in a city; if you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village:" this I always think of when I see such a place—this and one other thought, namely, that love, that ineffable wonder of human nature, would, if need were, elect with its precious object that sorry village! Yes, *or a desert!* There were *two* churches, alas! where I suppose one could not be filled. The front of one of them was a ghastly white surface, unrelieved by anything but the door. "That church," said Mrs. R., "is exactly like the religion that is preached in it—*no windows in front!*" But, after all, a man may be truly great anywhere. Who knows what saintly faithfulness and super-saintly patiences these lonely hamlets may enclose! I think of this

especially when we pass abandoned and decaying houses, as we do many. How many smiles, tears, passions, labors, and all energies of soul have gone on in them! They seem like skeleton-sentinels by the wayside.

After a ride of a dozen miles came the bright and simple morning meal, on a grassy slope, under noble oaks, where wavy ferns nodded to us and a bumble-bees' nest suggested wholesome respect for small things. Then we took the road again; but shortly a propitious shower of rain drove us to a farmhouse, where hospitality was unaffected, and where we inspected wonders of farm machinery, and windmills and dairy work. Did we tell our names and quality? No. Why, before these simple and hearty folk, should we brand ourselves as Unitarians? Yet we missed a pleasure, for we learned afterward that we had stopped at the house of a sister of one of our Western ministers. Thus do we pass by our comrades and know them not! While the last gentle drops were still falling we resumed our way, and reached Valparaiso at noon, walked about and examined the place, and then at 4 o'clock started on our homeward ride. We stopped a whole hour and a half for our supper in a noble grove. First we roamed all over it after its ferns and flora; then we laid our spread on a knoll whereon the setting sun shed its full light of gold and crimson skies, and a man who was plowing in a field opposite, framing, for the delight of our eyes, a rich center of green with a margin of deep brown soil, received pleasantly a share of our *goodies*. Then came we home with songs in the moonlight; though it must be confessed that the children, who had flitted about with the gayety of skylarks all day, fell asleep, like those same birds, in the lowly nests of our arms in the evening.

At Valparaiso we visited the Northern Indiana Normal School. It was not in session, for our visit fell on the only two weeks of vacation which it has in the year; so that we missed the exhilaration of seeing its 1500 students, who attend recitations from 6:30 in the morning till 8:15 in the evening. But we talked with the remarkable man, H. B. Brown, who founded the school ten years ago, and has conducted it to its present magnitude and usefulness. After a year or two he had spent \$7,000 more than he had received; after four years, \$25,000 more than he had received; yet he pressed on, and compelled success. He says he knows by experience that a man can do anything he truly *wills* to do. The school has Preparatory, Normal, Scientific, Business, Classical, Fine Art, Elocution, Musical and Miscellaneous courses, together with some reading in Medicine when required, and with instruction in Telegraphy and Phonography. The great features of it are its exceeding cheapness (\$124 will pay for tuition and board and furnished room for a year of fifty weeks) and the arrangement of its classes or courses, whereby any one can enter at any time, choose his own studies, stay as long as he wishes, or as long as his money lasts, withdraw and



return again at pleasure, and take up his work exactly where he left it. Thus teachers can seize on any vacation or recess, however short, if only a week or two, to fly to the school and study with good advantage; and any who aspire to an education can alternately study and earn money as long and completely as they will. The majority of young people there have earned their own money, which thus they are expending for knowledge more precious still. I was stirred at heart by the aim and the apparent expanding usefulness of this school.

But I see the end of vacation drawing near. It wears a pleasant look, as did its beginning. Welcome Church, welcome Work, welcome, ye Brothers in Arms!

### HOMER.

SUSIE SEWALL.

The poems of Homer are like a beautiful island, so far out at sea that its shape is scarcely distinguishable and has a blue hazy appearance as it looms up on the horizon. Still, when examined with a telescope, it is found to consist of rock and soil, beach and cliff, like other lands, all covered with bright trees and flowers and ferns. It is all the more beautiful because it is the only land for many, many miles around. The far-resounding ocean beats restlessly and unceasingly around it, and dashes against its cliffs, unable to wear away the firm rocks which form its base.

It was three thousand years ago that these poems were written, and three thousand years, with their great convulsive changes, their immense onward progress, their frequent back-slidings, have been unable to destroy this everlasting monument of human genius; but all men in all ages have been unanimous in praising its beauty and grandeur.

What is actually known of Homer himself may be stated in four words: He was a Greek bard. What wise men who have spent their lives in the patient study of him have ascertained as probably true concerning him, in as many sentences. He lived about 1200 or 1300 years before Christ. He was a European Greek. He obtained a living by reciting his poems at the palaces of wealthy chiefs, and the events told by him are in a certain measure true.

Although we know little or nothing of the circumstances of this greatest poet's life, of his character, and of the manners and customs of his countrymen, we have a perfect picture, and for this his poems are read to-day, and his name revered.

It is his vast *imagination* that is most wonderful about him, but then he lived in a time when poetry was the only expression of thought. Nature to those old Greeks was a book of poems, not a book of science. Every river had its nymph and every tree its dryad—the personification of the force which made the river run and sparkle and the tree grow. Every phenomenon of Nature had a god-power behind that produced it. Perhaps it is the

same now, but the difference is they did not see law in it as we do to-day. When we see a thunder storm we think of the laws of electricity and lightning, and Dr. Franklin; but Homer saw before him the mighty earth-shaking Zeus standing on the highest peak of Olympus, hurling his thunderbolts far and wide, while he darkened the earth with his frown. In fact, the earth and sky for Homer were filled with the bright beauty of his Junos and Venuses, and the stately forms of his Jupiters and Apollos, *not* with the imaginary forces of gravitation, cohesion and electricity. Is it strange, then, that Homer should have been a poet? What else could he have been?

There is a tradition that Homer was blind, as he speaks with peculiar tenderness of Demodochus, the blind bard of King Alkinoos, from whom the gods had taken the gift of sight, but given the greater one of song. But if he was ever blind it could only have been in later life. No blind eyes ever could have seen the jagged rocks, the roaring sea and the lofty snow-capped mountains which he describes so vividly.

It is not only the greatest and grandest things which he sees, but the little things, which generally take sharper eyes to see. He knew that rocky Ithaca was the place for goats, and the plains of Argos were where swift-footed horses abounded. Almost every place he mentions, he tells you what its climate is, or its soil, what animals are found there, and what trees grow there. He was perfectly well acquainted with the habits of birds, animals, flies and bees. Listen to one of his similes:

"And when water fowls of many tribes,  
Geese, cranes and long-necked swans, disport themselves,  
And to and fro they fly with screams, and light,  
Flock after flock, and all the fields resound;  
Or as when flies in swarming myriads haunt  
The herdsman's stalls in spring-time, when new milk  
Has filled the pails—in such vast multitudes  
Mustered the long-haired Greeks upon the plain,  
Impatient to destroy the Trojan race."

Nothing was too small for Homer to notice and take delight in, hence nothing was too great. The Iliad and Odyssey reveal the whole life of the times. We are told how those old Greeks fought, how they dressed, when they got up and when they went to bed; how they worshiped, how they ate their dinner, and how they cooked it.

Homer, I think, loved the quiet home life even more than the battle-field, although *that* stirred his very soul. But the most beautiful parts of his poems are when he turns from the noisy camp to show us a picture of *peaceful domestic* life; as the description of Nausicaa and her washing. She takes the clothes to the river side to wash them with her maids and friends:

"Now when they reached the river's pleasant brink,  
Where lavers had been hollowed out to last  
Perpetually, and freely through them flowed  
Pure water that might cleanse the foulest stains,  
They loosed the mules, and drove them from the wold  
To browse the sweet grass by the eddying stream;  
And took the garments out, and flung them down  
In the dark water, and with hasty feet



Trampled them there in frolic rivalry.  
And when the task was done, and all the stains  
Were cleansed away, they spread the garments out  
Along the beach and where the stream had washed  
The gravel cleanest \* \* They took their meal  
Upon the river's border—while the robes,  
Beneath the sun's warm rays, were growing dry.  
And now, when they were all refreshed by food,  
Mistress and maidens laid their veils aside,  
And played at ball."

What a vivid little picture this is, and how plainly we see the girls enjoying their picnic by the river's side!

Besides showing us the life of the ancient Greeks these poems are wonderful because they made the scattered Pelasgian tribes a nation, and fixed its language and religion. They were the great bond of union to the Greeks, and held a place to them almost if not quite as high as our Bible does to us. We can appreciate how highly they were esteemed, when we recollect that they were composed at a time when writing was an unknown art, and that for hundreds of years they were preserved by committing them to memory. There was a school of bards whose whole business was to commit and teach to others the poems of Homer; and so they were handed down from generation to generation until written. They were the only literature Greece had for a long time. They were the only school-book the little Greek boys had, but they were taught it carefully; especially the catalogue of the ships, which taught them the geography of their country. Indeed they were the grammar, geography, cook-book, novel, history, war-song and Bible of Greece.

Although I said we know really nothing of Homer, one cannot help seeing himself, and the life he must have led, in his works.

Let us suppose the sun is setting and fringing those soft white clouds, that lie on the peaks of a far distant chain of mountains which look almost as hazy as the clouds themselves, with gold, pink and purple, and making a broad silver pathway through the sea. Near the sea and on the broad plain, stands the palace of a rich chief. Inside all are feasting merrily, while nimble footed maidens pass around the bread and wine. "When the pangs of thirst and hunger had been allayed," all, old and young, freemen and serfs, gather around Homer. He takes his harp, passes his fingers tenderly over its strings, and after a short sweet strain begins the Lay of the Trojan War. All sit entranced as he repeats those old, old, household tales of those strong brave men, who lived so long ago, but can never grow old, any more than Jack the Giant-Killer, or Cinderella. Far into the night they sit thus; it grows dark, and they can only see the white head of the old bard as he sits by the dim firelight. There is no sound but the low, irregular chanting by the bard—except, perhaps, an occasional cheer at the bravery of Diomedes or Achilles, and a sob at the sad fate of Hector. The old chiefs lean eagerly forward to catch every word and fight over again the battles of their young days, and pray to Zeus to make their sons as brave

as Achilles, as wise and prudent as Ulysses. The young men feel their blood rise—their cheeks burn and their eyes glow; they long to go into the world and do good deeds and win renown. While the women drop a sister tear of sympathy for Helen and Penelope, weep when Hector and Patroclus fall, and even the wicked suitors, headed by the beautiful god-like Antinous, find grace in their fair eyes.

The next morning Homer starts on his journey again, followed by the good wishes and love of all he leaves; perhaps he walks over the hills, watching the birds and butterflies, or along the shore of the far-resounding sea, watching the waves break gently over the pebbles, and jingling his lines to their ceaseless murmur.

So, perhaps, went by the days of that greatest poet, who opens for us the thick cloud of the past and shows the life behind.

## Our Unity Pulpit.

### PEACE.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, CHICAGO, JULY 1ST, 1883, BY DAVID N. UTTER, MINISTER OF THE SOCIETY.

Friends: At the close of each religious service the minister pronounces what is called the benediction or word of blessing. It has little effect upon us, for we seldom think of its meaning. But when we do think of it we find it is a word invoking the divine blessing, and praying that peace may be upon us. Desiring that this last word that I shall speak to you for the season may fall upon you like a benediction, I take for my subject the chief word of benediction—Peace. In all the New Testament farewells this word is spoken; spoken or written it is always among those tender final words with which the letter or the sermon closes. "Peace be with you!" "The peace of God which passeth understanding." The very God of Peace be with you. "Peace from God Our Father and the Lord Jesus." Such are the blessings that these early Christians invoked upon each other at parting. The word peace, I think, they spoke in Hebrew, the word shalom—this I simply imagine, partly because I like the word shalom, with its historic connection with the sacred city Jeru-shalem and the older sanctuary Shiloh, partly because "peace be with you" was a Jewish salutation and farewell that, retained among the early Christians, would very likely be spoken in the Hebrew language. But in whatever language, they at meeting and parting, said: Peace be with you. They seemed to say it and mean it—said it with a sort of fervor—"The very God of peace be with you"—and yet they were not a very peaceable race!

Perhaps their very insecurity, their danger of war or contention, made them think and speak often of peace. We enjoy more peace than they



did—than any ancient people, and yet we enjoy peace less. I suppose no one enjoys peace like the soldier. In the very thick of the fight, the smoke of cannon dimming his eyes, the din of battle in his ears, dead men lying about him, and the dying, the air filled with whistling bullets and screaming shells, he has time to think of his far-away home where all is peace. He can see the green fields sloping gently down to the river, the cabin with the vines over the little window, the quiet sunshine and God's peace resting on all the landscape. It seems a heaven to him as he thinks of it. He dreams at night as he rests upon his arms, not of war but of peace. He is in the old orchard that he loved in childhood, he loiters along the shaded path, he drinks from the old spring or from the moss-covered bucket that his boyhood knew, and as he wakes to the certainty that it is all a dream he prays for peace to come again as none but a soldier can. We do not enjoy peace emotionally because we have not the terrors of war before our eyes. But we know what war is, intellectually, and we ought sometimes to give the subject careful thought. The burden and the suffering of war always falls in the wrong place. Those bear it who are in no-wise to blame, who have had no part nor voice in the disagreement that brought on the fighting. Kings and ministers, lords and courtiers, presidents and senators—these are the men who make all the wars and never do any of the fighting. They reap all the benefits and bear none of the burdens. The sons of the poor are the soldiers and the poor finally pay almost all the costs of war with interest added. The rich furnish the money at the first, but they take bonds that the government shall repay them in twenty or forty years. At the end of that time payment, with interest, is made out of the taxes, the revenue of the government. Of this revenue a frightfully unjust proportion is paid by the poor, by the men who labor for their daily bread.

As we think this over in a time of peace we ought to each acquire the feeling: I am a peace-man. My vote, my influence with tongue and pen, socially and in every way shall always be exerted against war. The general diffusion of this spirit, along with the general diffusion of knowledge, and the increase of intelligence among the masses of the people through education, will finally put an end to all wars all over the earth. But this will come slowly. And yet there is in our day an acceleration of the world's motion in all ways that seems to place our Messianic hopes almost upon a scientific basis. The whole world moves to-day as never before in its history. Modern civilization is working like leaven in the oldest and most conservative nations. Railroads and telegraphs are invading China, and a little steamer on the Congo river wakes the echoes of the forests in Central Africa. There seems to me no reason why a child born the last days of this century might not live to see all the inhabitants of the earth speaking the English

language and reading and writing it too. What we may call the European type of civilization is so much stronger now than any other, entrenched as it is commercially and scientifically, that it seems certain to overwhelm every other type and to subdue every sort of barbarism and that speedily.

But will that bring universal peace? Will wars cease when the world becomes one in speech and commerce and science and educational methods? The question is new, and opinions would probably differ. As I look forward asking will another war in this country or England ever be necessary, I easily imagine circumstances under which I, a peace man, *might* vote for war. We might be forced to fight for peace—forced to fight for this very form or type of civilization that has done so much for the peace of the world.

As in our last war the question is often, simply, shall this nation continue to exist? shall a certain government stand or shall it succumb, to some aspirant for its place and powers? Thus we are led to the conclusion that while separate governments exist among men, wars are probable, and their continuance a sort of necessary evil.

It was the idea of Malthus that war would be necessary always for another reason—indeed, he would not have said necessary evil, but simply war will always be necessary. His thought was that war is one of the best means of keeping the earth's population within bounds. Now it is certain that in the coming day of one language, one commerce, one science, and universal education, —our millenium, this question of population will have to be met—if we do not face it, it overtakes us. But war is really not the best check if one ever becomes necessary. The elevation of the masses to the plane upon which reason rules, upon which self-control is possible is the ideal settlement of this and kindred questions. Here, again, intelligence is the savior, and the very condition of society where the Malthusian check of war might seem to be needed is one that will supply its place with a better.

And upon the whole I incline to the belief that human society within a century may reach a condition where no particular form of government will be so necessary as to be worth fighting for. For one, I would not fight to-day for any difference between the government of this country and that of England. I could live under the English government very well, and would rather do it than lose any dear friend in a war. Submit first and vote afterward, would be my rule. And so I foresee a time in the world's history, when the masses of the people are of sufficient intelligence not to be led blindly, when everything can be settled by votes, and arbitration, and without recourse to war.

In that day the word peace will lose the meaning that it has now, or a part of its present meaning. Even now it does not mean as much as it meant of old. We really seldom think of war; and "peace," for us, stands not so much as opposed to that as to



other sorts of strife. But the development of nations and of individuals is always correlative. When there is constant fighting among petty nations there is petty fighting constant in the families of such warriors. The worldly-wise writer of the general epistle of James said that wars and fightings among the early church members came from their lusts, their inward dispositions. It is even so. So long as the masses of men are led by desire rather than by reason; so long as they are emotional creatures; so long there is no peace, neither in family, church, school or nation. These are the people to whom the word peace has perhaps the most heavenly sound. It has a sort of celestial meaning, because it is so much a stranger in their bosoms and homes. And these are the people who greet each other with warmest words of peace; the word is on the lip often because the void is in the heart.

But the word can never lose all its meaning under any earthly conditions. Strife of some sort there must forever be, if at last, in our millennium, it is only the strife with the elements we call labor. To live, is, on the lower planes of existence, to make war upon all other forms of life. The struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest are the means through which the world grows better. Here is the source of animal beauty and strength, and of almost all beauty in living things. And war itself is doubtless a part of that great struggle. Terrible as it is, we may even believe that it is a part of God's plan for improving the human race by thinning off its worse elements. So, strife, struggle for good and better things, there must be forever, or, as long as this planet swings about the sun in such a manner as to support life on its surface.

And so the word peace, signifying rest from this labor and struggle by which life is sustained at its best and improved, must always give us a pleasant thought or feeling.

And this peace, which simply means rest, is the sort of which doubtless we usually think as we hear the word in prayer or benediction. There is a sort of mental rest or peace of mind that is not incompatible with great activity—a habit of equanimity that gives the effect of peace in the very midst of struggle and toil. Perhaps this is the peace of God that passes understanding, and it is certainly as admirable and desirable as it is difficult of comprehension. The story is told of Sir Isaac Newton that when his little dog, by overturning a lamp, caused the destruction of his library, robbing him of the work of years in an hour, he contented himself with the exclamation, "Ah, Fidelius, little thou knowest the evil thou hast done." At the least, this would show great self-control. A better word under similar circumstances was spoken by a more ancient philosopher—Seneca, I believe—who said, "My books have done me little good if they have not taught me how to be content without them." As an example of equanimity perhaps Epictetus stands first. He could be a philosopher even while a slave,

and, though a sufferer always in various ways, he never lost his peace of mind. It is told of him that once his master was beating him with a heavy stick and he coolly advised him that he could inflict more pain with a switch, but if he used the club he must be careful or he would break some bones. Soon after a blow actually broke the leg of the slave philosopher, who then quietly remarked, "I told you you would break it."

So far philosophy. But it has been claimed that true peace of mind could only be given through religion. I should say then that Epictetus must have been a religious philosopher. At any rate the great religious teachers of the world have always told us of that peace that the world could not give nor take away. This peace is to be reached by withdrawing wholly from worldly interests and cares. "Withdraw both feet," said one of the ancient sages; "one from this world, the other from the world to come." That is, give up caring about yourself, and you will enter the Nirvana of perfect peace.

The old Eastern sages, the wise men of ancient Asia, Brahmins and Buddhists alike, were always giving this advice, to seek peace through renunciation. Our Western world, what seems to us the real world, the world of science and art, preaches a very different doctrine. It would find satisfaction by changing the world so that all desires may be gratified, all hopes fulfilled. In early life hope begins to spread out before us glowing pictures of what we shall be and become, of the changes that shall be made in our ways of life, and we go to work with great energy to make the world conform to our plans so as to yield us satisfaction. This Western way of life has made a new world, has builded all our great cities and made them as one by railroads and telegraphs. It has done wonders in the way of physical transformation of the earth's surface, but the Buddhist of to-day sitting under his bo-tree if he knows of all this Western world considers it all vanity. "Are you great Western peoples happy?" he would ask; "have you found true peace? You have worked like slaves, like oxen, in building those great cities, and bridges, and railroads, and steamboats. You have run to and fro on the earth like race-horses or greyhounds till you scarce have breath left to tell of your great speed. You have looked at the stars and analyzed their motions and their light till you can tell how this one spins that way and the other one another way, and have fairly spoiled your eyes with gazing into the secret ways of life of little things that could find room to dance on a needle's point, but what is it all for? Knowledge does not satisfy, riches do not give peace, change of place will help no one to be happy. The only way to true peace is the inward way. Cease all striving, overcome all longing, conquer all care, extinguish every desire, and then your soul is at rest; you have found heaven."

To this the man of our world replies: "Have you done this? Is it not a thing contrary to nature?"



Do we not see your dervishes whipping themselves for years in a perfectly vain effort to subdue desire? Your theory seems beautiful till we see the outcome of it in practice, but seeing that, we must reject it wholly. You Eastern people are really just as wretched as our poorest poor, with only this difference, that among us few are without hope, while with you few have any hope.

"We live according to Nature. You have rebelled, and are bearing your punishment as well as you may. We are at work, and, though we may not have received the wages that we expected, we do not yet believe that Nature is either bankrupt or dishonest, and we think that our children will enjoy more than we have enjoyed."

We, dear friends, belong to the world of science, and art, of hope, and work, of strife, and toil, and ambition, and expectation. We will work on like slaves to the end of our lives, and, probably, never get the half of what we hope for. We may trustfully rejoice, I think, in the greatness of our destiny, in that the very creation of a world is committed to our age. But a *little* of the old wisdom of the East would be good also, I think, to temper our hopes and disappointments. A little of the spirit of renunciation to help us to lay our cares aside for a season and let the world and the stars spin on as they will.

It is a great thing to be a part of the earnest, throbbing, active life of a great city such as this, great beyond the power of words. But it is beautiful to be a part of a Christian church that lifts its spire on the busy street, and, one day in the week at least, makes its voice to be heard calling out, in the name of its Master, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This cry is needed upon our streets. The teachings of the church, some of them, may have passed away, but the invitation to *rest*, even under the yoke, to find peace of mind through trust in God even with the din of life's battle in your ears, is welcome still. And the teaching that *sweetest rest and deepest peace arise from conditions which we control*, needs to be made clear to each succeeding generation. True peace comes from upright character and good intention combined with a real religious faith. Without some faith, some deep inward conviction reaching beyond all that we can see or demonstrate, that the universe *is all right*, that the heart and soul of things is true and sweet, it is difficult if not impossible to do one's work in the world nobly and truly, and be at peace within.

But the faith is seldom lacking, if ever, to him whose own heart is true and sufficiently purged of selfishness to be worthy of the peace of God. So long as self is the real center of all thought, the world may be very unsatisfactory and life not seem worth while. But the religious faith that we call trust in God, that looks up and says, "Father,"—this

gives the peace that abides through bereavement, disappointment, pain and loss. We should look upon ourselves as stones in God's great temple, being builded in beside trees and animals and stars and grains of sand, of slight importance really except that our place, however small, must be filled. And when God has made the pile complete we shall doubtless find that "not a worm is cloven in vain, that not a moth with vain desire is shrivelled in a fruitless fire, or but subserves another's gain." And yet this God's temple of which we are a part is so very different from any material temple that the figure of speech may lead us astray. It is a living temple. The very spirit of God is in each stone. God works in and through us, as I said, in building or creating the future. We should so lean on him as to be at peace, trusting that all is to be well, but work also with our might, that God's peace may spread over the world as comes the dawn of a summer morning.

## Notes from the Field.

MT. PLEASANT, MICH.—A correspondent writes: "We have just begun to hold our meetings in our beautiful and comfortable new church."

MADISON, WIS.—The *musicale* given by Miss A. A. Woodward (Auber Forestier) netted thirty-two dollars, which was forwarded to Mr. Janson as a contribution to the rebuilding fund.

GREELEY, COL.—Perhaps no picket post along our entire line is being held with greater zeal and self-sacrifice than this point, where Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gibbs "hold the fort" at great personal sacrifice. The last year he contributed to his own salary nearly five hundred dollars.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—The editor of this paper spent two out of four of his vacation Sundays in his old pulpit, meeting old friends and helping them to lay new plans. The Sunday-school was reorganized on the 26th ult., and some brave purposes were nurtured which may ripen some day into brave deeds.

PARIS.—The growing curiosity in this city at the present time is Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, which is soon to become the largest piece of bronze statuary in the world. It is to be France's tribute to America. A Paris paper compares the scene in the work-yard to that of Gulliver at Lilliput. The nail on the first finger is large enough for a good-sized shield; the head is large enough to contain forty people. The figure is now complete except a portion of the chest and left arm, which will be finished in about six months. May it be as beautiful as it is large, and may the thing symbolized be ever finer than the symbol!

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.—As will be seen in our announcement column, this body is to meet in Lowell, Mass., on the 24th-28th of this month. Its previous sessions have been characterized by great breadth and noble strength. We trust this session may be better than the best, and only regret that geographically it is so situated as to make it so remote from those who need it most. The isolated workers to the westward will read the promising



announcements with a sigh of regret that the country is so big, or that the purse is so small. We must wait and work for the time when the Unitarian center of gravity will fall somewhere near the geographical center in this broad country of ours. Then a fair representation will be found at these spiritual picnics prepared by the Unitarians of America.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.—Brother Mann and his society enter their new church on the 16th of this month. The occasion is to be celebrated by a two days' conference on the Monday and Tuesday following, to which all friends of the cause they represent, whether lay or clerical, are cordially invited, the hospitalities of the parish being tendered to all who may attend. It is hoped that out of this conference may spring the permanent organization. "The Western New York Unitarian Conference" is suggested, but why should not the great Empire state emphasize its individuality and organize a State Conference? "The Hudson River Conference" represents a shadowy territory. Let it merge its existence in this new state conference, have its strong man for a secretary, who will give his entire time to the development of the missionary possibilities of that field, which, in all probability, is second to none in the Union. Let the state of New York no longer be on the Unitarian map a Massachusetts county.

JANSON'S MISSION.—It is gratifying to note how keenly and quickly the sympathies of the liberal friends everywhere go out to Mr. Janson and his mission. Not second to the material help in dollars and cents which go to him is the scarcely less substantial encouragement that comes to him in the way of kindly words and fraternal cheer. On returning to our desk after a month's absence the most pleasant messages found in the large pile of our unattended correspondence were those accompanying the contributions to the Janson fund. Many of them present such an amount of good reading that we wish our space would allow their publication. In default of that, we take this method of informing the contributors that we will see to it that Mr. and Mrs. Janson shall in due time see their kindly words as well as receive their dollars. For the encouragement of the good intentions that have not yet been precipitated into remittances, we quote a few sentences:

From New Hampshire.—"I have always been interested in Brother Janson's mission. My sister and I send our mite to help rebuild what the tornado did so widely scatter. I wish I could multiply it by ten. Hope the appeal will be answered promptly and the object attained."

From Massachusetts.—"We were deeply touched by the pathos of Mr. Janson's letter in the UNITY of the 1st inst., and desire to give our help in the relief fund. The inclosure goes with our heartfelt good wishes for the distressed family."

From Michigan.—"I will be one of the five hundred subscribers to the Janson relief fund. \* \* \* God bless our good brother, and may his congregation recover from the blow and become stronger than ever before."

From Wisconsin.—"I hope my contribution will be in time to be forwarded with the others, and help assure Mr. Janson of an active sympathy in his line of duty."

From Minnesota.—"The enclosed is for the UNITY relief fund to the Janson mission. May the pathetic story touch the heart and loosen the purse-strings of every UNITY reader."

From Kansas.—"Those who have watched these approaching storms with some anxiety, and yet always escaped, can afford a little help to those who have actually suffered."

From Illinois.—"I have felt greatest interest in Mr. Janson's mission. May God bless his efforts to liberalize his countrymen."

Another writes.—"I have never seen Mr. Janson, but I have learned

to love him through printed words, and now with the accompanying send the united sympathy of my family."

From Iowa.—"This is the most pathetic cyclone story I have ever heard. It will certainly draw out a generous response."

The last word from Mr. Janson says that in his homeless condition he has for the time being taken a small house in Medalia, Minn. He writes: "This vacation has been filled with many troubles, though I hope it will come out all right. One compensation at least, I have learned to tenderly love my people in Brown county. They have shown us the most touching sympathy."

## Unity Club.

We are anxious to make this department a means of communication between the various organizations for social and intellectual improvement that have seats at our Round Table. If the secretaries will inform us of their working plans for the coming season, we will make such use of them as to be of mutual benefit.

The editor of this paper has recently been elected Local Honorary Secretary of the Browning Society of London, and will soon have on hand a full line of the publications of this society. He is authorized to solicit memberships, the annual fee of which is one guinea. Each member is entitled to two copies of the publications issued during his term of membership, and to the privilege of buying previous publications at greatly reduced rates. The time is not far distant when these publications will be very scarce and of high financial value, as they already are of literary value to all those who desire acquaintance with Robert Browning—the most thoughtful of modern poets.

A noted Iowa lawyer once concluded a glowing strain of oratory by quoting "the words of the Bard of Avon:"

Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime.

A story by Amelia E. Barr, in the current number of the *Christian Union*, reminds us of the above incident. The author quotes the following lines of Browning as a motto for her opening chapter, and credits them to "Arnold," whether Matthew or Edwin, remains in doubt:

"Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, A whole I planned;  
Youth shows but half; trust God,  
See all, nor be afraid."

## SHAKESPEARE EXAMINATIONS.\*

A good book for a Shakespeare class to look through before beginning work this winter. The New Shakespeare Society of England, it seems, offers prizes to schools for good work done on Shakespeare. This little book contains the examination papers on Hamlet (67 questions) and Macbeth (57 questions), and the full answers for which the writers (girl students in a Virginia Academy) gained prizes in 1881 and 1882; also an essay by their teacher on the art of studying Shakespeare. Few of our Unity Clubs intend such thorough work as is here shown, but these questions and answers will serve admirably to hint a method and set a standard to any class.

\*SHAKESPEARE EXAMINATIONS. By Prof. W. T. Thom. Ginn, Heath & Co. Boston: 1883. pp. 154. Price 50c.



Prof. Thom's method involves two careful readings of a play, many written papers, and constant conversation: (1) Each of the class in turn reads a few lines, explaining all quaint words or phrases and the picture-glimpses afforded by the phrases; and this light, gathered mainly from the notes, is freely supplemented by the teacher; the characters, too, are watched with backward references and passing criticisms. (2) When the play is finished or a character disappears from it, each character is reviewed by itself in written criticisms—the pupils' own unborrowed judgments; then these judgments are compared and talked over in class with the teacher, and with readings from distinguished critics. The chief scenes, also, and finally, the play in whole as to its pictures of life and its ethical aim and value, are thus written upon and discussed. Under this process, hard though it be, the interest in the play, and the power even of dull pupils to see into Shakespeare, and to tell what they see, rapidly increases. (3) Meanwhile, a second reading has begun, this time the pupils having parts assigned to them; and now attention is directed to the grammar of the text, with Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar" as the guide. This ensures the carefulness of the review. (4) Finally, Dowden's "Shakespeare Primer" is used to sketch the history of the play and the life of Shakespeare, the man. In this way "perhaps the whole half-session may be spent on one play," the class meeting three times a week; "and it is time well spent, if one play be really learned." No wonder it grows luminous and Shakespeare becomes a great master in one's education. "The most valuable thing any woman can bring from school life to the real daily life is the *habit of good healthy reading* in the literature of her own land.

For beginners Prof. Thom prefers the "Clarendon Press Series" of plays, partly because the notes are not over-suggestive, and are *not* at the foot of the page; so that more time and thought is required of the reader. For Shakespeare reading clubs, and perhaps for advanced classes, Rolfe's series seems most excellent. Hudson's help is used with reverence, but caution. Dowden's "Shakespeare Primer," Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar," Taine's Chapter on Shakespeare in his "English Literature," and a volume of Furness' *Variorum* edition for the play studied, make a sufficient outfit for a teacher.

W. C. G.

#### HOW TO READ SHELLEY.

[The following extract from a private letter is printed here in the hope that it may suggest a profitable course of study for Unity Clubs the coming season. If not, that it may direct the private readings of some one into paths of perennial beauty and profit.—Ed.]

You ask me which of Shelley's poems I consider the best. Now if I were forced to give you a simple answer in a word or two, I should say—Prometheus Unbound. But you must not infer that I should advise you to begin with that. And I am going to volunteer some advice about a short course of reading in Shelley which you can read or not, and follow or not, just as you please.

In the first place, as you have probably read already some of his shorter poems, read these over again to get a start. There is very little in Shelley that will not repay more than one reading. Then I should glance through the shorter poems and read some of those that look attractive at first sight. Of course you will not miss the Cloud, or

the Lines to an Indian Air, or the all too short stanzas that begin:

"One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdained  
For thee to disdain it."

\* \* \* \* \*

With the shorter poems you might include the opening lines of Queen Mab. You will not want to read the whole poem at first, but a page or two at the opening you will find exquisite.

Next take *Hellas*. Read all the lyrical parts aloud, if you can do so conveniently. You can slight the rest of the drama at first reading, simply skimming it over so as to keep the connection. After this I think you will be ready for the Prometheus Unbound. I warn you that it is not easy, but it is worth study. I have never yet enjoyed thoroughly more than a few passages, but I am satisfied it is because I have not studied the poem enough.

I will not go farther with this programme, for I promised that it should be short. If you go farther in your reading you will be very likely indeed to find some other poem—perhaps the Sensitive Plant—perhaps Adonais—perhaps Alastor,—that will make you wonder how I could have left it out. Indeed, when your acquaintance with Shelley has once begun to deepen into an affection, you may go on through poem after poem, and the latest will always seem the sweetest.

J. C. H.

### The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN ITS THREE GREAT PERIODS.—Second Period: The Middle Age. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1883, pp. 316. Price, \$1.25.

The charms of this book are the author's wonderful grasp of the spirit of an age, a high moral purpose, a wide and philosophic fair-mindedness, clear and often eloquent writing, and the ability to draw a vivid picture by a few masterly strokes. The work is not a narrative of facts, but a philosophic treatment and interpretation of the movement of society, to which the reader must bring some knowledge of facts, and the more the better, for the writer's own survey has been evidently wide and full. He sweeps them off in one or two wide references and goes down to the underlying forces on which the facts toss. He says (p. 285): "It is the spirit of an age, not any outward form or pressure of events, that makes the real matter of our study." There is a certain topographical character to his survey and knowledge of a period, as if he beheld it lying before his eye as one sees the paths of a labyrinth from a height. For example, here is the opening paragraph of the chapter on Dante:

"Christmas of the year 1300 marks the best boundary line from which we look back and forward over the field of the Middle Age. That line parts two divisions in the field, of which one slopes as definitely towards the wider spaces of modern life as the other is covered thickly with movements of a life already passing away. The mediæval system of government, thought and faith, kept so long by so hard a struggle to so proud a level, breaks as suddenly



right there, to find its new conditions, as at its great cataract the Nile comes from the Nubian highlands to the fertile plains of Egypt."

The 316 pages treat, in eleven chapters, of The Ecclesiastical System, Feudal Society, The Work of Hildebrand, The Crusades, Chivalry, The Religious Orders, Heretics, Scholastic Theology, Religious Art, Dante, The Pagan Revival. There are also a Chronological Outline, and an Index.

The sketch in chapter I. of the powers and machinery of the Church when at the height of its authority, about the middle of the mediæval period, is graphic, though brief—the Priesthood, the Pontiffs, the Religious Orders, Mendicants, Military Monks, Friars, Hermits, Palmers, secluded abbeys, vast cathedrals, the Fine Arts, the Crusades, the turning of doctrines, indulgences, penances into sources of enormous wealth, the impressive pomp of ritual, the Universities, Feudalism, the Confessional, Excommunication, Interdicts, the Inquisition.

He gives the Church full credit for honorable devotion to civilization during the growth of its enormous wealth and power, before it sank into the corrupting labor of defending itself at all hazards from the attacks of new and rising thought. He is equally fair (chapter I.) to Feudalism, of which his sketch, if not so bright, is philosophic. He makes the distinction that in the development of society at that time, Feudalism was inevitable, the Church providential, which, "translated into stricter phrase," means that "Feudalism was the one form possible for society to take in that time of wreck and disorganization if secular society was to continue to exist at all," and that the forces at work in the influence and power of the Church "were moral forces, which had their source in the conscience—that is, in a real desire to know the right and to do it."

The philosophy, causes and far-reaching results of the Crusades are calmly and forcibly set over against their ferocity—the terror excited by the Mahometan conquests, the peculiar religious passion of the time, the checking equally of the Turkish advance for 300 years and of the evils of the Feudal system, the development of a common civilization and sense of unity in Christendom, the using up and destroying of a vast amount of latent rapacity and criminality, the softening of manners and quickening of mind in the West by contact with Oriental culture and Saracen art, whereby thought began to arise "and the Crusade, which the Church had stimulated so eagerly and forced on so obstinately, is found to have undermined the very foundations of faith on which the Church reposed." He traces the rising persecution with a kind of stern pity and pitiful justice toward the Church for her crime which is as noticeable as philosophic, and as wise as his tenderness and regard for the virtues of the persecuted heretics. The connection of persecution with the growth of doctrine is noticed, both with the intensifying of the idea of Hell and with "subtleties of metaphysical theology," by which the mind is centred on belief as the one important thing. Scholasticism is compactly defined as "a mode of thought which accepts the Church creed as its platform; which assumes its dogma exactly as geometry assumes its axioms and postulates." The conflict of the short sketch of Thomas Aquinas is a vivid picture drawn with a few powerful lines.

Dante is treated as one of only two men (Homer being

the other) whose "single life has taken in and reproduced an entire period or phase of civilization, so as to stand alone as its sufficient monument."

The ethical spirit of this book is thus expressed in a paragraph near the end: "Culture and refinement can never take the place of the strenuous thing we call Virtue. Whatever we hold to be the source of the Moral Law—of Christianity, not as a creed or ceremony, but as a spirit and life—it is the only salvation mankind has found as yet from those horrors of ancient society against which its first revelation was made, horrors to which Learning itself may open the door, and Art can only decorate the way." To the writer of this notice, the reading of this book has been a mental refreshment, enlightenment and inspiration; and any one must be rich indeed to whom the author's full mind could give nothing. Probably, indeed, the fuller the mind of the reader, the more will he take from the author's stores.

J. V. B.

RIVERSIDE EDITION OF HAWTHORNE. Vols. XI and XII. The Dolliver Romance. Septimius Felton. Sketches. Life. With Introductory Notes by G. P. Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$2.00 per volume.

The above form the last two volumes of the series of twelve in the new edition of Hawthorne, the preceding numbers of which have been noticed from time to time in these columns. Volume XI contains the unfinished story, entitled the Dolliver Romance, and Septimius Felton, the first of which proceeded only to the length of three chapters, while the latter appeared in the *Atlantic* in 1870 as a posthumous publication. The germ of the story had lain in the author's mind, we are told, as far back as the period of the Marble Faun. The second reading of this romance of immortality adds a new interest in the disclosure that the heroine's name, Rose Garfield, was selected from the region of Weston where the ancestors of the lamented President Garfield settled. Vol. XII, the last of the series, contains an excellent steel portrait of the author. The tales, sketches etc., which appear here are made up of selections from Hawthorne's earlier writings, and the Biographical sketches which follow are the gleanings from old magazines which being designed, the editor notes, "to fulfil purposes of the moment" are not to be placed in the same category with the purely literary work which he acknowledged. In the appendix we are furnished with a quite complete and interesting account of Hawthorne's life, written by Mr. Lathrop, and a full index of his works.

C. P. W.

BUT YET A WOMAN. By Arthur S. Hardy. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. Price \$1.25.

The style of this story is remarkable for its sweetness and delicacy throughout. An underlying vigor of conception is shown particularly in the development of M. de Marzac and Mme. Milevski, the two strongest and most individual characters. The pleasant glimpse of French social life, of travel in Spain, and the quaint picturesque figures of M. Michel and his friends with the two servants, Lisette and Antonio, form an attractive setting for the pictures of the two women who are of chief interest. We watch with sympathy the growth of Mme. Milevski, through bereavement and pain and self-denial, to final entire self-consecration; while the saddening influence of her fate is relieved by the joy of Renee, who seems to gather into her rosy young life all the light that goes out of the life of Mme. Milevski. In the delineation of these two women's characters Mr. Hardy has shown a perception of all that is sweet and noble in woman, that is not less admirable and true for being largely ideal. We welcome the book and recommend it to our readers.

L. M. T.



## Little Unity.

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It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

### THE SUMMIT-FLOWER.

A lady was traveling among the White Mountains of New Hampshire one summer, and has told, in verse, what she found there. You have all read some of Lucy Larcom's verses, no doubt, and will like to hear about this.

While on the highest summit—Mt. Washington—the fierce winds tossing her "as their plaything on the air," the great, jagged rocks sometimes sheltering but oftener bruising her, the terrible rude grandeur of the whole scene, with its sharp outlines, deep abysses and surrounding summits, all seemed to say to her how powerless she was among them. The mountains seemed to crush her with their savage might. Nature's rude strength was more than she could bear.

When just at her feet a tender little white flower looked up in her face. Delicate and pure, born on the summit, it nodded in the breeze, nor seemed for a moment forlorn amid all this rude power.

The sight of its gentle growth in such a place made her at home again, with a feeling of rest and companionship, because there immediately sprang up in her heart a thought-blossom which would seed and bloom again in turn, throughout the remainder of her life. Bending down beside the mountain flower she touched its leaf with reverence, as one would the face of some little child friend, who in simple unconscious innocence had given her a bit of good news, as now the little flower had done, and she planted the blossom in her heart's memory-garden to remind her always how amid ever so rude surroundings a beautiful life may grow, and its presence make bright all the place around, and to remind her, besides, that from these same rude surroundings—boisterous winds, rocky soil, and what would seem to be the very conditions which would kill it—from these had the flower gathered its beautiful life. Surely it could be no less true of all life, if of this one. Men and women, boys and girls, might also live beautiful lives amid necessarily rough surroundings, finding in these same conditions, which would seem to kill all beauty and gentleness, the very elements needful to bring forth the perfect life. She no longer felt herself powerless, with these "vague, formless forces" around her. It is only when we work *against* nature that we find ourselves powerless. If we but work *with* her she will add her riches to our thought toward the fullness of life.

### A BEDTIME VISITOR.

E. E. M.

The other night Lill, Ray and Baby (only Baby is nearly three years old and has ever so many other names) had been kissed and had kissed each other all round, and at last were curled up under the white sheets and fairly started on their way to Dreamland. Lill has a room all to herself, but Ray and Trotty (that is one name for Baby) sleep together. Mamma had not been down stairs more than five minutes when she heard the funniest little scream from Lill, and then a rush across the hall to the boys' room. Upstairs went mamma, and Lill, half-crying, told her and the boys, who were then wide-awake and listening breathlessly, how there was some terrible creature in her room, flying all round. Now Ray, who is a big boy, just out of dresses and in kilt skirts, thought it very strange that Lill, who is "going on seven," and has been to dancing-school and can read in the Second Reader, should be afraid, but he learned long ago that boys must take care of their sisters; so he marched across the hall to Lill's room, a funny little soldier in a long white nightgown, while mamma went for a match to light the gas. Back came Ray, though, and said, with something of a tremble in his voice, "Mamma dear, it's truly there, and it's most as big as a *neagle*, but I wasn't a bit afraid—course not." So mamma went in Lill's room, followed close by Lill and Ray, while Blossom (another name for Baby) watched proceedings from across the hall. And what do you think mamma saw when she lighted the gas? Why, just a tiny sparrow, that must have flown in the window some time during the day and was now a dozen times more frightened to find himself shut up in such strange quarters than Lill was to have him there—a dear little bird, that even Tricksy (another name for Baby) would have rejoiced to see there, if it had only been daylight instead of dark. After the gas was lighted, poor birdie flew round and round in circles, beating its little wings against the ceiling, and almost wild with terror. Then mamma opened the blinds and window wide, turned out the gas and shut the door, and in a few minutes more when they all peeped in (Tricksy too this time) birdie had flown and the room was empty.

A little later they all sat on the side of Lill's bed talking it over. Ray said: "Mamma, do you suppose that bird has gone to its nest and is telling its little birdies how it was shut up in a dreadful jail and four big giants frightened it nearly to death?" "No," said Lill, "I think it was a baby bird itself, and I suppose its mamma told it not to fly away from home, and then it did and was lost." Here Ray broke in: "Do you suppose they have bird policemen to take home lost birdies?" "Course not," said Lill, "what nonsense! but I think it is telling its mamma about it and saying it will not be naughty any more, but always mind its mamma. Don't you suppose so?" "Pose so," echoed the



Major, whose big blue eyes were beginning to look sleepy.

"Now, I'll tell you what I think," said mamma, "I think it tells the other birds, 'I saw those three little children, who are always playing, and climbing, and laughing, and screaming round here. They didn't look as they do when they are out to play. They had on long white dresses, all just alike. I tell you its a different thing to be shut up in a room with such children from what it is to sing to them from a tree, and when I saw that one—you know, the boy who chases the chickens—oh dear, I wished myself at home. But it's all right now, and on the whole, they were very polite to me.'" Here Skip opened his eyes and said, "Fink birdie gone seep now, mamma—'pose so;" and mamma thought her birdies must go to sleep anyway, so they had to have their kisses all round again, with two or three kisses over, and were tucked up between the sheets once more, where Baby was asleep, while Ray was saying, "Needn't say prayers all over again, mamma," and then murmured, half asleep himself, "God bless us all and make us all good, amen—and the birdies, too."

#### CHIPMUNK.

Have you ever heard the call  
Of the chipmunk on the wall?  
In the deepening shades of night,  
In the glow of morning light,  
When the moon is riding high or the noon-sun glows,  
He calls "Chip—chip,"  
With a quiver of his lip,  
And a merry, merry twinkle in his eye!  
And he whisks his bushy tail  
As he skips across a rail,  
Or sits for a moment on a stone  
All alone!

With his call, "Chip—chip,"  
With a quiver of his lip,  
And a merry, merry, twinkle in his eye!  
He's a jolly little man,  
With his coat of black and tan,  
He's a merry little lad,  
"Chip—chip!"

—Henry Ripley Dorr, in *Youth's Companion*.

#### PLANTS CAUGHT NAPPING.

C. H. C.

This is the title of an article by Sophie B. Her-  
rick in *Harper's Young People*, Jan. 16th, 1883.  
The author tells us the following interesting things  
about the sleep of plants:

People can sleep where there is a light in the  
room, but plants cannot. Until the darkness comes  
on they go working and working, no matter how  
tired they are, till the plucky little creatures drop  
in harness and die. The work they do is to sepa-

rate the poisonous acid gas of the air into two  
useful things—carbon for themselves, and oxygen  
to keep people and animals alive. But they need  
rest as much as you or I do. Working night and  
day is too much of a strain, and finally their health  
breaks down, and they die.

Many plants are not contented merely to stop  
working. The leaves want to lie down or to hug  
close to each other, in order to sleep comfortable  
and rise refreshed. The young leaves, like young  
babies, sleep most, and cuddle up closer than the  
older ones do. I examined a great many plants,  
and found no very common plant more interesting  
than the locust-tree. It sometimes happens that  
plants which usually close their leaves when they  
sleep, are very heavily shaded during the day.  
When this is the case, they do not seem to be much  
affected by the darkness of night, and do not change  
the position of their leaves. It would seem as if  
they had been half asleep all day, and so had  
spoiled their night's rest.

Darwin tells us of a plant which he says he  
watched carefully, and for two nights after having  
been violently shaken by the wind it did not cuddle  
down to sleep. It was probably too much excited  
to rest properly.

In some plants the leaves stand up to go to sleep,  
as horses do; in others they droop down, or lie  
close to each other, like little children. And the  
reason for these movements is the same which  
makes two little children sleeping side by side  
draw closer together when they feel chilly, and  
nestle down together in the bed. The warmth of  
their bodies then is not lost, but passes from one to  
the other.

#### A TRAVELING BIRD'S NEST.

In the frame-work underneath a third-class  
smoking carriage, on the London and Southwestern  
Railway in England, a water-wagtail has built her  
nest and reared a young and thriving family of  
four. The train runs regularly from Cosham to  
Havant five times a day, in all about forty miles,  
and the station master says that during the absence  
of the train the father bird keeps close to the spot,  
waiting with manifest interest and anxiety the re-  
turn of his family from their periodical tour.

There ought to be a teachers' library in every  
Sunday-school, furnished by the church. If teach-  
ers give their time and strength to teaching, the  
church can well afford to give them suitable aid.  
The foundation of such a library would be concord-  
ances, Bible atlases, dictionaries and indexes, com-  
mentaries, works on Bible lands and on teaching,  
and the best Sunday-school periodicals. — *Well  
Spring*.

Small things are best—grief and unrest  
To pride and wealth are given;  
But little things on little wings  
Bear little souls to heaven.

—F. W. Faber.



## The Exchange Table.

### CITY CHILDREN.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Children of the squalid city,  
With your pinched and pallid faces,  
Lacking all a child's sweet gladness,  
Lacking all a child's shy graces,  
I have watched you as you wander  
Up and down the fetid alley,  
Little host of vagrant troopers,  
I have seen you break and rally.

Not a rosy face among you,  
Dimpled, laughing, fit for kisses,  
Not a romping, merry maiden,  
Running over with sly blisses.  
Only faces hard and common,  
Sordid, set and sickly faces,  
Telling clearly that thus early,  
Want and vice deforms, debases.

How I long to pluck you children  
Up from all these streets and alleys,  
And to plant you on the hill-tops,  
Let you down into the valleys,  
Place you 'mid the dandelions  
And in fields of snowy daisies,  
Watch your rapture in the forest,  
As you tread its winding mazes.

Place you where the brooks are tumbling  
Down the steep and stony places,  
Place you where the fish are leaping,  
Showing off their finny graces,  
Let you hear the plover whistle,  
All the wild birds sing together,  
Know for once the joy of living  
In the matchless summer weather.

Show you all the world of mosses,  
All the world of ferns and rushes,  
All the nests of promise building  
By the blue birds and the thrushes,  
Let you hear the wild geese clanging,  
Hear the merry partridge drumming,  
Let you see the squirrels leaping,  
Hear the drone of wild bees humming.

Let you see the great trees loaded  
With the wild, black-hearted cherries,  
See the scarlet hedges blazing  
With the ripe and juicy berries;  
Let you see the hazel bushes  
Hanging loaded with their treasures,  
Change and charm your pallid faces  
With the country children's pleasures.

Children, children, could I take you,  
How our hearts would leap with gladness!  
Not a note in all life's chorus  
Then would have a sound of sadness.  
But with all things bright and glowing,  
In the gleaming pleasant places,  
Soon with tints of health and pleasure,  
Then would glow your pallid faces.

—The Weekly Magazine.

ENDOW AMUSEMENTS.—It may be difficult to say just why we are not a holiday people, or just why we should be one. But the fact remains. We are not. At least, when we compare that portion of the New World peopled from New England, as a center, with the Old World in this respect, and on gala days note the agility with which the average

American shrivels into slippers and dressing-gown behind the morning newspaper, and the corresponding agility with which his transatlantic neighbor glides into his good clothes and goes to church, or takes his family to meet his friend's family at the public resort, or bestirs himself at home to fulfill the strictly social duties of the season.

We are a people of commonplace habits. We have a strong eye for going ahead, and a very suspicious side-glance at recreation. We drive things pretty hard. Vacations we are apt to regard as effeminate inventions for clergymen and invalids. Nor do we seem to have much of a genius for using our vacations when we get them. The man who has spent the whole week shut up in a counting-room, lies abed Sunday morning, and gets up late to putter with the furnace or regulate the clocks, or to figure up stray accounts in a ledger which he brought home under his arm the night before, and then takes a nap after dinner, and goes to church with his wife in the evening. What matters it to him that there are millions of cubic feet of oxygen outside for just such lungs as his, and a clean five miles awaiting just such a pair of legs as he has been twisting under a high desk for six days? \* \* \* \* \* Let us add a suggestion to American philanthropists: Endow amusements! So far, we fear our social scientists and benevolent benefactors have bestowed their efforts too exclusively upon the hospital and asylum side of society, or, when they have pushed out beyond the limits of hygiene and sanitary regulations, have been too ready to stop with establishing reading-rooms, workingmen's clubs, holly-tree inns, and free lyceum lecture courses. Let us do no less than we are doing for the sick people and the bad people, but, in the name of all that is humane, let us have a larger thought also for the blue people, that neglected class who may have learned how to think, and been "reformed" and "cultured" from head to foot, but who have never learned one accomplishment, indispensable to a liberal education—how to laugh!

We repeat, then, for the eyes of philanthropists, public benefactors, and social economists—not to mention any readers of a patronizing disposition who may be thinking of making their wills and casting about them for an "object:" Endow amusements; back up talent in its efforts to brush off the rust from the jaded and stupid folk; found institutions for the promotion of mirth; establish anti-dyspeptic schools and societies for the suppression of bile; encourage Lyceum amusement courses in the towns, and build and support a *Theatre Americain* in every city. In short, take this whole matter of cheering the people—just as you have taken the whole matter of moralizing them—out of the hands of private traffic and into the hands of public benevolence.—Charles J. Ward, in *August Century*.

"If."—Whatever the high aim be, "strait is the gate and narrow the way" which leads to success in it. The great chemist thanked God that he was *not* a skillful manipulator, because his failures had led him to his best discoveries. The famous sculptor, after finishing a great work, went about sad. "What is the matter?" asked his friend. "Because for once I have satisfied my ideal, and have nothing left to work toward." He wanted to fail just a little! Said a successful architect, of the young men in his office who kept copying his designs, "Why do the things they *can* do? why *don't* they do the things they *can't*?" Miss Alcott wrote and burnt, and burnt and wrote, until, at last, her "Little Men and Women" came out of the fire. By the failure in art, by the failure in science, by the failure in business, by the failure in character, *if we wrestle on*, we win salvation. But all depends upon that *if*. Our failures pave the road to ruin or to success. "We can rise by stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," or those dead selves can be the stones of stumbling over which we trip to destruction.—W. C. Gannett.

TO WHAT BASE USES.—In Rome, Augustus' tomb is the site of a variety theatre, and Cæsar's death-place is occupied by a grocery store.—*Exchange*.



## Announcements.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per year, in advance. Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the publishers to discontinue, and until payment of all arrearages is made.

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All communications relative to ADVERTISEMENTS should be addressed to Lord & Thomas, McCormick Block, Chicago.

### THE MINISTER'S INSTITUTE.

The Minister's Institute, as most of the readers of UNITY are likely to know, is an organization composed of the clergy of the Unitarian body, which holds meetings of a week's duration in the autumns, alternating with the sessions of the National Conference, for the study of subjects specially pertaining to the preacher's work, such, *e. g.*, as the philosophy of religion, the scientific bases of faith, ethics, social science, the administration of public worship, etc. This year's session is to be held the week of September 24-28 inclusive, with the parish of Lowell, Mass., of which Rev. J. L. Seward is pastor. The parish heartily invites to its free hospitality all ministers of our body, and requests that all who expect to attend will send their names, at the earliest, convenient day, to Rev. J. L. Seward, Lowell, Mass.

On account of unavoidable delays in obtaining essayists, the full announcement of programme is deferred for a week or two.

Aug. 14, 1883.

GEORGE A. THAYER, *Secretary.*

Summer address, SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

### ROCHESTER CONFERENCE.

The Unitarians of Rochester will occupy their newly-acquired house of worship, Sunday, September 16. Meetings will be held Monday and Tuesday, September 17 and 18, at which the project of forming a Western New York Conference will be considered.

All friends are cordially invited, and the hospitalities of the Society are extended to all who may attend.

Fraternally,

N. M. MANN,

For the First Unitarian Society, Rochester, N. Y.

### THE MICHIGAN STATE CONFERENCE.

The autumnal meetnig of this Conference will be held at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Oct. 16, 17, 18, at which time the new church will be dedicated. A full attendance is expected.

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